

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## A PARABLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"Where can it be,  
That land of Eldorado?"  
—E. A. Poe.

We toil along Life's pilgrimage  
In sunshine or in shadow;  
And every heart looks yearningly  
'Towards its own Eldorado.

Yet, if at last we reach the goal,  
When close the prospect viewing,  
We find the place we thought so fair,  
A desert or a ruin.

But there is a city, golden bright,  
Where none e'er dread the morrow;  
There rested are Toil's weary feet,  
And dried the tears of Sorrow.

A Crown is placed on every dome,  
A Cross on every steeple,  
The Palms of Peace shade every street,  
And white-robed walk the people.

Before it rolls a river deep,  
Fed with the tears of mounting;  
Those who embark on that dark flood,  
Are never seen returning.

Death rows a ghastly boat across,  
Thick clouds around it hover,  
But when CHRIST's hand is on the helm,  
Safe is the passage over.

Then, Child of Earth, toil bravely on!  
There's sun behind Life's shadow—  
Who bears the Cross, shall wear the Crown  
In Heaven's true ELDORADO.

## THE

## DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MURDER.

There was a late train left Marlville, the station north of Stapleton, every evening for New York, and into the waiting-room the driver who had accosted Leonore hurried that same night to consult the time-table. After a glance he went back again to the carriage and spoke with a gentleman who sat there holding the sleeping form of Leonore in his arms. His answer provoked and annoyed the one he addressed so much that his own bearing became less respectful and more dogged instantly. "I didn't engage to do miracles, you know," he said angrily. "If she hadn't brought the other one with her, I could have stopped the carriage on the road before she reached Stapleton; but, you see, you calculated too much on her coming alone. Now we must wait the hour; there's no help for it."

"Not here," said the other; "let us get out of these lights and this noise."

"I'll turn up the short road under the hill yonder. It's dark and quiet, yet we'll be in sound of the bell when it gives warning."

"Well, hurry then; I've nearly emptied this bottle of ether in keeping her quiet in such an infernal noise."

The disturbance he alluded to was from the wagons and carriages that had been in waiting for the up-train which had just passed through. The driver got upon his seat once more, and the gentleman sat back with the heavy sleeper in his supporting arms. The carriage was small and close, and had kept pretty well out of the line of the lights and crowd of stragglers that always surround an expected or departing train. Foremost among them was Crazy Jean, the peddler woman from The Poplars, looking about her eagerly in all directions, till she saw the driver jump from his place and go into the office, and then she slunk out of sight, still keeping the carriage in view however.

When it began to move slowly away she came out of the shelter of a doorway and followed it with great speed, and when at a turn in the road it took an unfrequent path around the foot of the hill, she looked back in vexed expectation, as if waiting for some one who was slow to come. At length, just as the vehicle disappeared among the trees, Barbara, breathless and disordered, came towards her rapidly.

"You're late," said Jean, shortly.

"My courage failed, and I tried to waylay and prevent their meeting; that kept me, and I have ridden by the lower road at a rate that would terrify you to get here in time. Where are they?"

"Down the short path by the hill, waiting till the hour passes."

"Then go home and count your money;

it is well earned, Jean, and the work will soon be done." As she said these words she hurried past her and was soon out of view.

After that hour, on that night, a strange thing happened in the neighborhood of Marlville. Given in the words of Richard Connell, an old servant who had travelled abroad with Mr. Raye, it was as follows:

He, Richard, had not been in Mr. Raye's employ latterly for some time. He had left him nearly a year before his marriage and gone to live in the city of New York. He had heard that his late master's wife was a lady of wealth, and supposed they lived together happily, till his master informed him by letter that he wished to re-engage him, as he was about to leave again for Europe, and hinted that domestic differences caused this resolution. He had subsequently understood that a dressing-maid or companion engaged by Mrs. Raye had given rise to some jealousy by receiving attentions of a marked character from Mr. Raye, but only mentioned this as a report.

Mr. Raye had ordered him to drive this young person and himself to the Marlville station on the evening in question, and he had met her on the river road and proceeded by the upper way or short cut to the town. They arrived too late for the early evening train, and so turned into the hill path to wait the intervening time. He believed the young woman was poorly, for he had seen his master support her in his arms, and there was a small bottle with the scent of either in it found in the bottom of the carriage, but he could not tell anything from observation, for he was occupied in taking care of the horses, that were a little restive. The train was to go at nine, and it might have been about half-past eight, he could not say to the moment, when he felt his master's hand upon his coat, and looking down, saw his body hanging part way out of the carriage window, his head fallen down and apparently in a fit or spasm. He instantly ran to his assistance, and found that he was breathing with great difficulty, apparently in the agonies of death. In great alarm he drew him out of the carriage, and laying him on the roadside endeavored to aid him, but all he could do was useless. Seeing a light a few rods distant he ran to the place, and found it to be one of the out-buildings of a house belonging to one of the principal physicians of the place, who fortunately was at home, and soon joined him. They proceeded to the spot where he had left Mr. Raye and found his body, life being entirely extinct, and then for the first time he remembered the young girl, but the carriage was empty, and no traces of her to be seen. The snow had commenced to fall a half hour before, and was falling so fast just then that any tracks of footsteps were not discoverable, even if they had thought to look far in any direction. It was afterwards discovered that Mr. Raye came to his death through a wound in the lungs bleeding inwardly, and as no report was heard, the shot was almost well, and he added, that anything like the devotion of that woman in charge he had never witnessed.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Mrs. Wallace only knew her as Barbara the housekeeper, she said. Miss Bassard used to place great trust and confidence in her, and poor Miss Copeland regarded her highly too. It was well, the kind lady said, that such young creatures had so reliable a person in their household.

"Yes," Dr. Wilson replied. "Certainly, to be sure—but Mrs. Wallace, who though not generally observant, was always keenly alive where her own particular interests were at stake, hastened to ask,

"He really did think so, or had he seen reason to—?" Mrs. Wallace could not quite find the word she meant, she paused and hesitated.

"I don't follow you," said the doctor.

"Do you ask me if I think this woman is a friend to the twin sisters? I do not—she thinks of no one but Miss Raye, and has made my patient an object so absorbing, that I doubt her having any feeling left of a tender kind."

This was all the doctor said, and all Mrs. Wallace had to find objection upon, which she presently began to entertain towards the discreet and quiet housekeeper.

Adah had begun to feel as responsible and self-sustained as any one can whose vacillation and dependence only take another form; she had transferred her hold from Leonore to Mrs. Wallace, and felt that she was standing alone, and in her own strength; being one of those whose love is a sort of usage, she had changed her habit and dispensed with much of the affection she thought she used to feel.

Bertha had not yet caught another support to turn about, but Leonore was removed from her, and she stood swaying one way and another, and missed her one moment, and lost a yearning for something newer and plainer after the next.

Mrs. Wallace seized the hour of uncertainty, and began to train the loose tendrils round her own will.

Sickness was painful and entirely objectionable to both girls. Barbara was particularly overcome by Bertha, so she saved herself from encountering either by keeping away from Leonore's room. They sent every day, sometimes in faint fits of remorse, so very often, that Barbara would forbear further communication, and then Bertha would cry and fret and say to Adah,

"We don't seem to have anything our way,

each hour threatened to sever it and set its struggle at rest forever.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### UNSHEATHING A KNIFE.

Adah nor Bertha knew nothing of the routine of nursing, and readily gave place to Barbara, who being in authority, excluded all others from even a glimpse of the sick girl's face. Louis was not at The Poplars often now, he was so startled by the news of his friend's violent death, that he devoted himself to tracing out some explanation of the mystery connected with it like one roused to action and injured by a painful shock. He went to New York and engaged the aid of celebrated detectives, and offered a reward for the person of Mrs. Raye's late waiting-maid. The man Richard Connell was detained awhile, but by-and-by the excitement died away; there had been nothing but horror to sustain it, for personally Mr. Raye had gained but few friends at Stapleton, and the story of his poor wife's trials, now beginning to be whispered abroad, made his death appear more like a judgment than a murder. Nothing came of Louis's efforts. Mrs. Raye and her uncle were on their way to New York when the deed was done, and the poor lady soon afterwards died, and the whole story of her unfortunate life closed in the memory of her poor disappointed old uncle, who had given her to the choice of her heart, against his own sense and reason. Like a cloud at sunrise Jean had melted away the morning after they had brought Leonore home out of the snow, the kitchen people, after being up all night flying about in strong excitement with all kinds of needless remedies, turned to indemnify themselves with long accounts of how it all happened, given in Jean's usually dilated manner, but found to their dismay she had disappeared, pack and all. This unsatisfactory proceeding of hers was much commented on—the more so, as Barbara, never communicative at best, had grown more taciturn than ever since her employment as nurse, and according to Mollie, "looked at everyone with staring eyes, as if they were ghosts, and she was afraid they would haunt her."

Margery explained it by saying that the housekeeper did not sleep or eat, which she considered two failures on her part sufficient to account for any peculiarity in the world.

But Barbara's care was successful, which seemed to be all she asked. Dr. Wilson told Mrs. Wallace, whom he met in the drawing-room one morning after his usual visit, that Miss Raye was quite sure to recover, in fact she was almost well, and he added, that anything like the devotion of that woman in charge he had never witnessed.

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"We don't seem to have anything our way,

somebody else can always scold us and bother us. Oh, dear, it seems as if Leonore ought to be ashamed of her determination to walk from Stapleton by this time."

"Mrs. Wallace says it was only another instance of her erratic style, and you know Olivia used not to like it." Adah said this, as she always gave expression to her new views now-a-days, choosing for them the double patronage of Mrs. Wallace's judgment and her sister's memory.

But Leonore, despite the disaffection going on in the little family, improved hourly, and soon became well enough to appear in the sitting room once more.

It happened to be the evening of Louis's return from New York, where he had been staying for some weeks, tracing the faint illusive threads of evidence that seemed to lead to an explanation of Mr. Raye's death, but which had at the last moment faded into nothing, and left him where he had begun, with Richard Connell's story uncontradicted and still incomplete.

Mrs. Wallace had come over to herald her son's arrival, and suggest a becoming toilet that it did not always occur to Adah to make.

She found the drawing-room empty, and learning from the servant that the young ladies were in the sitting-room with Miss Raye, begged to be allowed to see them there.

Barbara had just brought her charge out on exhibition. Yes, that seemed the word, for the two girls were hovering over her in childlike admiration. Leonore's beauty was essential; every curve and line of her face and figure were faultlessly lovely; it was the variety of her expression that changed her in the eyes of beholders, and made her seem beautiful or the reverse.

Now she was herself, a trifle wasted by fever, which added a rare transparency to her delicate coloring,

but so perfectly passive and purely peaceful still, that she seemed to represent a figure of unshaded rest. Her nurse was a cunning tire woman, and had arrayed her in exquisite robes of white, soft, fleecy, shining white, with delicate lace and dainty frills in graceful profusion; and there she lay in her crimson chair, with that soft shadow brooding over her lustrous eyes and a dawning light upon her slightly parted lips.

"You must not talk to her much, please,

Miss Adah," said Barbara; "she may lie and listen, but she is very weak yet, and you must not expect her to speak."

"Oh, how lovely she looks!" cried Bertha, her enthusiasm returning, now that its object was there once more to claim it. "I was afraid we should never see you here again, it is such a dreary kind of house, you know, and one cannot tell what is going to happen next in it."

"My dear Adah, Louis will be here presently," interposed Mrs. Wallace. "I know his impatience to see you, and came over without ceremony, you see, to announce ourselves as guests for the evening."

Adah, who had taken her place at Leonore's side, with one hand in hers, while Bertha fluttered around, touching the beautifully arranged hair of the invalid, looked up, as if for the instant she had forgotten all about Mr. Wallace.

"Certainly," she said, coming back to her hostess's duties. "I shall be most happy. We have promised Leonore to sit with till Barbara drives us away; and then she can see that no living thing was near, then replace the shade and ranged the little bottles in order, with a fine sponge and a pair of scissors to cut the fastening close beside them. She looked at them thus spread out and thought, "Can I trust them, will they serve my purpose?"

first raised them to Leonore's face; it vanished now, and with it went the traces of illness, sorrow, or any future dread; the present seemed to hold all of life she asked, and she took the lover's cup of joy without a question and drained it with delight. It gave her strength, and made her radiant with the light of joy. She laughed, and her voice was irresistible music that conquered all who listened; it was in vain to question her power.

Mrs. Wallace, with all her prejudices, yielded for the moment, and with a faint consciousness of injuring her own cause still left free from the fascination that enveloped her judgment, smiled and listened while the hours flew away—the happiest hours that had dawned for many a day on the old Poplars.

Why did Barbara slip away, and stealing out on the veranda, peep in among the rich curtains, partly drawn from the window, to catch another glimpse of that beaming face in the great crimson chair? No one could tell, nor could they surmise what errand took her creeping and winding up the great stairway to the state chamber, where Adah and Bertha had been sleeping since Leonore's illness. She started at the least sound in her upward way, and when she reached the door, seemed lacking in the strength to open it.

A strong purpose came to nerve her, for her hesitation lived but a moment, and she went steadily in. There were lights there, but the room was vast and full of shadows—among which she stole like a dark and guilty thing. The great ebony cabinet at the other end of the room, had a branch light burning near it, and the falling door lay open. The curious odor so strangely familiar met her sense as she drew near, and guided by it she touched each tiny compartment to find an answering spring. Each one disappointed her, and her fingers trembled and failed like things over which her power was uncertain.

She was fixed on some purpose, and eager and ardent to fulfil it, but her nerves trembled and betrayed her, and she shook in every outward fibre though her inward purpose was fixed and deadly. An evil spirit aided her; a slide she had touched a score of times and found immovable, suddenly gave way and disclosed a deep, silver saucer, lined with porcelain, and three tiny vials wrapped in fine leather. Her hands clutched these with convulsive eagerness, and she laughed—it was a sound of horror even in her own ears—she looked about her swiftly to see that no living thing was near, then replaced the shade and ranged the little bottles in order, with a fine sponge and a pair of scissors to cut the fastening close beside them.

She looked at them thus spread out and thought, "Can I trust them, will they serve my purpose?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Grover, of Brookside, and her two daughters, had been visiting for a fortnight in a neighboring city, and had returned, bringing with them some gay company, for whose benefit they had arranged an evening entertainment of a musical character, when suddenly their morning preparations for a grand quartette in which so much sound formed an essential part that the melody was almost smothered, came to a close by the screaming and breathless intelligence of their maid Jenny, that "The two young ladies at 'The Poplars' was a dying most awful—and the house was full of doctors; and Mr. Louis was raving mad out of his senses with sorrow and grief."

Such terrible news stopped the four performers on the two pianos, and made Miss Jenny and Mrs. Phelps turn very white with the shock of the announcement.

Their mother, not less disturbed, hastily dispatched a messenger to find out the truth of the story, and meantime consulted hastily about the propriety of deferring the

the scene of distress, was surrounded and overwhelmed with questions and entreaties. She was looking pale, and her natural gravity was greatly affected by the experience of the morning; usually a vivacious talker, she seemed to find it difficult to utter a word about the terrible sight she had witnessed, and shuddered as she recalled it.

"I believe the house is assured," she said, in a low, frightened voice. "There they lay in that room where they found Miss Hazard and Olivia— one of them struck like a figure of stone, and the other writhing in the most horrible way till death came to her relief. Oh, it was fearful."

"Was Louis there?" asked Jennie, braver with strong though painful interest in the scene.

"No, not till it was too late. No one knew it till the housekeeper went for orders; and oh, you should have seen the poor creature—it was a terrible shock to her, for she acted as if she should never recover from it."

"What do the doctors say?" exclaimed Phoebe, impatiently. "I believe they talk poison. What is the use of being a doctor, when they can't tell these things for certain."

"They can tell it, if it is to be told," said her mother, "there was more than one suspected something of the kind in Olivia's case, and they made an examination to be certain. There wasn't a trace of it, how could there be?"

"It's horribly mysterious," cried one of the young ladies from the city, discovering some symptoms of alarm.

"I think it will be explained," said Mrs. Darwood. Doctor Wilson has sent for an eminent analytical chemist from New York. They have made some discovery about the air of the room, and the register draughts. I don't understand it, but I believe they think it possible that something in the way of gas of a deadly nature is formed there in some manner, it is very confusing, but I presume it may be made clear."

"Olivia died in summer when there were no fires," said one of the Wetheringtons.

"Oh, pray tell us about Miss Raye, Mrs. Darwood. Did you see her, and what did she say?" asked Jennie.

"I did not see her, no one sees her. The horror and excitement of the scene, to which Barbara's cries attracted the whole household, have quite overcome her. Barbara told me she was too ill to be seen."

"That is strange," said Mrs. Wetherington. "She was the first to meet me, and I never saw any one calmer or more self-controlled under such circumstances. There could be no remedy that she did not suggest and try; and long after the physicians abandoned hope, she clung to the vain effort of saving them."

"That must have been before I arrived. It was all passed when I got there."

"Dr. Wilson earned her forcibly from the room, being convinced that she would make easily inquire herself in her ailing sister, Barbara, that invaluable woman of theirs, took charge of her, and Mr. Bond was telegraphed for at once."

"Nobody tells us of Louis. I do not believe his heart is broken this time, for the last arrangement was his mother's work entirely, though I think he appeared to greater advantage with poor Adah than with her more dignified sister. He had the air of a protector, a considerate friend, or something of that sort, that impressed him greatly and took away the affection of danger he need to assume with Olivia."

"Jennie," said her mother, reprovingly, "it is scarcely the time to discuss Mr. Wallace's style as a lover."

"Just think of it," said Phoebe, thoughtfully, "the whole grand property and immense fortune belong to little Miss Raye now. Oh, dear me, what a wondrous hairress!"

Each looks at the other.

"She is certainly the only gainer by these mysterious deaths," remarked Mrs. Wetherington.

"She is a most mysterious and person altogether," replied her daughter.

"She that no one knows anything what ever about. Poor Olivia used to distract her, as you could easily see by her manner," said Mrs. Groves. "I never could feel at ease with her."

"She is placed in a strange position, whether by choice or by something else remains to be determined," said Mrs. Darwood.

And this was the first utterance of the school of wise commentaries. That would all the better begin in the dissolute Poplars begin to grow and increase till it shut out heaven itself from Leavenworth.

Mr. Bond arrived there in breakless haste, and his very first inquiry had been for him.

"She was in her own apartment," the servant answered, and he added that Dr. Wilson had said she must not be disturbed, she was still with fright and trouble.

Mr. Bond was not to be trifled with, however, he would see the gentleman in the drawing room presently, he said; but his first business was with Miss Raye, and the man must instantly announce him.

He walked towards the door of the sitting room, which he knew to be her favorite apartment, the man having an alternative knowledge to announce him, and he followed his name instantly into her presence. She was walking the floor in a sort of anxiety, but still when she saw him, and had a good reason to blanch amazement.

"You're surprised to see me, Miss Raye," he said coolly. "Yet nothing can be unnatural than that I should be here, under the circumstances. I am going to insist on a short examination into this matter. I shall never rest till the mystery is explained and this crime punished."

"Yes, I know it well in what particular mind you act from your friends. We have the best part of a family to prove that they were both naturally gay."

"That is true, and they talked about going abroad in a few days," she said flushed with pleasure.

"Miss Wallace said that she saw Miss Adah run to you, when she had once told you of her secret, and had left you alone in the hall for a few moments."

"She did, I can tell you, but she was the last person with Miss Adah to speak, and her evidence is necessary."

The master looked, and his voice was full of respect and sympathy.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

3.

## The Tale of a Traveller.

BY JOHN QUILL

"You see," said my great-grandfather, who had gathered a crowd of his friends around him at the grocery store in Darby, one evening; "you see I was once a sailor before the mast, on a small vessel, which was cruising about in the South Atlantic Ocean."

She was a very small vessel, and so frail that I was afraid most all the time that she would go to pieces with all on board, but she didn't. It happened one day that I was sent aloft to nail a block of some kind on to the top of the mainmast, and as we had no hatchet, I took an axe. I hit the mast three or four pretty stiff knocks, when all of a sudden I thought I felt her go down with a jerk. But she looked all right, and I thought it couldn't possibly be. So I came down and said nothing about it.

Three or four days afterwards the mate says to the captain:

"Cap., it's queer we don't sight land by this time."

"Very queer," says the captain.

"And what's funny about it is that for several days past my instruments have made us out to be in precisely the same latitude and longitude."

"Mighty something's the matter with the sun."

"Or perhaps the parallels of latitude have shifted."

"Or maybe you've made a mistake in your figures."

"I didn't think of that," says the mate.

So they took another observation, and found that they were in precisely the same old place. Everybody was frightened, and it was not until after a close examination that it was at last ascertained that I had actually driven the mainmast through the bottom of the ship into the mud, where it had stuck fast, and there that old tub had been spinning round and round, like a weather-cock on a pole, all this time, without anybody knowing it.

To say that the captain was mad, don't describe his condition. He roared around about so that I got scared, and hid myself in an old cask in the hold. There I laid all day, when it was decided to heave part of the cargo overboard so as to lighten ship, and the cask I was in was headed up, and me afraid to budge, and the whole concern heaved into the water.

I was in that barrel about four days. It was a little crowded, to be sure, and it would roll some, but on the whole I was comfortable. One day I felt myself tossed on shore, and then I was so certain of saving my life, that I just turned over and took a first class nap.

I was wakened by something tickling my face. At first I thought it was a mosquito, but then I remembered that no barreled mosquito could possibly have got into that barrel quite now. I brushed it at again, and caught it. It was a straw. I gave it a jerk. Something knocked against the barrel outside, and I heard the word—

"Tuyfel!"

Then another straw was inserted, and I pulled that harder yet. Something struck the barrel again, and I heard this exclamation:

"Der Tuyfel!"

Then another straw was put in, and I caught hold of it, and saw that it came through the bang-hole, and there was a man outside trying to such something or other through that straw, and every time I gave her a jerk it jammed his old nose flat against the staves. So I gave her one more pull, and then kicking the head out of the cask, I got out, and said to this fellow:

"Look a here, what in the deuce are you trying to do, anyway?"

"Nim," says he, shaking his head.

"What are you looking around here for, say?"

"Nim," says he.

"That makes eighteen," says I.

"Nim," says he.

"Twenty-seven," says I. "Go on; I'll add it up for you. I'm a lightning calculator, I am."

"Nim."

"Thirty-six," I said. "You appear to be a regular original old fine timer. What club do you belong to, anyway?"

"Nim," says he, still shaking his head.

"Forty-six?" Just then it flashed across my mind that he was a Dutchman.

"Beer," says I, to try him.

I had touched a sympathetic cord in his nature.

"Ow! yow! yow!" says he. "Ha! ha!—das is gret! O, yow!" and we rushed into each other's arms and wept.

I felt that I had found a friend.

I sincerely wished he had been my long lost brother, with the regular thing in the strawberry marks on his arm, only I never had a brother, and he was never long lost, and never had anything on his arm.

But this German was a good fellow. He lived in Dutch Guinea, and had a wife and three pretty daughters, who were so prettily alike that I could never tell one from the other. I fell in love with one of them; I never could tell which, so I courted them all three, just as they happened to come along. One day they all came in together. I tried to be sweet on the one I thought was the right girl, and the other two got so mad that I was afraid they'd burst some blood vessels or other. Then all three of them said I had promised to marry them, and all three of them repeated the fond words I had whispered to them, and accused me of treachery.

I looked rough for me. There was entirely too much of Love's chideings for comfort. I then offered to marry them all three, and to take them to Salt Lake; or to cut myself in three pieces; or to drown myself with them and perish in four watery graves. He peacefully but firmly declined.

Then they all went out. After a bit one came in and said:

"Abrahah, dear, let us sleep together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

She passed out. Then one of them came in again.

"Abrahah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

## Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

**THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS,** by Mrs. Margaret Horner, author of "The Mortician," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Horner's story with

**TRYING THE WORLD,** by Miss Amanda M. Douglass, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c.

**ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON,** by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Ruin," &c.

Besides our original stories, we have

**THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES,** and also the **NEWS OF THE WEEK,** **ANNUAL LETTERAL ARTICLES, BIT AND HUMOR RIDDLE, THE MARKETS,** &c., &c.

**PREMIUMS.** Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated Ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, including a postage stamp.

**THE SEWING MACHINE.** Premium. For 20 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine, price \$5. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium List, such as he pays \$2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "Time of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

**OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engravings this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every Premium subscriber, and also in every premium sending a cash.

It will not be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

**TERMS.** Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In order that the clubs and the Premiumists, may be made up of the paper and magazine companies when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) \$2.50.

**CLUBS.** Two copies, \$1.50; Four copies, \$6.00;

Five (and one gratis) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) \$12.00; Twenty (and one gratis) \$28.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$1.

Every person putting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

**POSTAGE.** Subscribers in British North America must remit *ten cents* extra as we have to pay the U. S. postage.

**POSTAGE.** The magazines or papers in clubs will be sent to different Post offices if desired.

The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

**POSTAGE.** In remitting name at the top of your letter, your Post office, county, and State. It is possible, perhaps, your Post office order on Philadelphia. If a Post office order cannot be had, get credit on Philadelphia or New York, *postage to our order*. It is dearer to have it sent by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

**POSTAGE.** Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

**HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**  
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## A True Story.

The Marquis de B———, while pursuing the chase in a very remote and lonely part of France, had the misfortune to fall into one of those pits which are dug for the purpose of storing winter vegetables. Here he remained several hours. At the end of the time he heard foot steps approaching, and cried for help. A band of peasants appeared and looked over the edge, but far from aiding him, they exacted that he should give them every article in his possession. He was about to comply with this outrageous demand, when, by accident, a young girl who was reaching over the edge to recover something from his hands fell down on him. The Marquis then told her friends that unless they at once drew him out the girl should suffer for it. Armed at this, the braves scampered away. Finding the servants of the Marquis on the lookout for him, they gave the latter false information as to where he was to be found, the result of which was that the couple remained in the pit for three days and nights. Some one more compassionate than the rest drew them in a blanket and some food. The Marquis to his astonishment found his fellow prisoner very pretty, intelligent, and agreeable, and suffered less from *ennui* than might have been supposed. At the end of the time, the Marquis having been heard by the girls, who were at rural police, they were rescued.

The Marquis took his prize, so uneventfully captured, to Paris, where he had her educated, and she became in due time his *chere amie*. Dying, he left her a piece of land and a house in the suburbs of Paris, which by the rise of property became worth in three years time several millions of francs. At present the former peasant girl has an Italian title, and she is received in the first society.

**A** little boy in Lowell was asked how many mills make a cent. "Ten six," was the prompt reply. Immediately a bright-faced little girl held up her hand in token of dissent. "Well, miss, what have you to say?" "Please, sir, ten mills don't make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

## THE HOME OF THE POOR.

Oh! the homes we give the poor!  
In the alleys damp and grim,  
Where all noisome vapors swim,  
In the cellar caves that drink  
Poison from the sewer and sink,  
Are the homes we give the poor.

See the homes we give the poor;  
Piled to weary, dangerous heights,  
Toward heaven's cold and pitiess lights,  
Chilled above by wind and snow,  
While the fire fends lurk below—  
See the homes we give the poor.

Are they homes we give the poor?  
Danger sits by every gate,  
Pain and misery round them wait,  
Ghostsly tenants put us in,  
Death, disease, and shame and sin—  
Homes they are not for the poor!

Have we no homes for the poor?  
Hold we earth so cramped and bound,  
Place for them cannot be found?  
Do our homes so wide expand  
That they cover all the land?  
Leave we no homes for the poor?

Near us ever are the poor;  
They are nearer than we think,  
We stand upon the brink  
Whence we push them; and their fall  
Shakes the mansion and the hall.  
We are very near the poor.

Ask we how to bless the poor?  
Build them houses not unmeet  
To be tried by human feet—  
Give them homes; and blessings thus  
Shall run swift from them to us—  
From the homes we give the poor.

## Choosing a Wife.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

We think our readers will be amused with the following, from "The Herald of Health." There is much that is true in it, and, we think, considerable that is not quite so true. The assertion that a small woman is apt to be meaner than a full sized one, for instance, we think simply absurd. And if "only handsome men and women" should marry, who would carry on the world in 1900? *Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*

No man or woman enters into the holy and beautiful relation of marriage without the expectation of being made happier thereby. Two persons thus conjoined ought to be of mutual help and comfort; smoothing for each the rough places of life; aiding in moral and intellectual growth; each loving, honoring, and enabling the other. The two thus allied in a true and honorable relation will encounter the natural sorrows incident to our earthly state, but will be shielded, as it were, from the great shades of adversity, and the temptations which beset, and overpower the less happily situated.

Svedenborg uses the term *conjugial* rather than conjugual as designating the true marriage, and affirms that such persons are especially pleasing in the sight of the great Creator; that they enter into a state of peculiar beatitude after death growing younger through the eternities, and being the most beautiful of all the angels, because of the goodness of this mystic marriage.

It is most certain that men and women are made happier and better by marriage, or they are exasperated, and rendered miserable and vicious by it; for we all know that contact with some persons evolves all that is sweetest and best in ourselves, while that of others calls into life all that is evil and discordant. Such being the fact, persons about to take the marriage vow upon themselves would do well to learn first whether they have any real vocation for the state, and whether they have that within themselves calculated to enhance their own happiness or that of another by so doing.

A man should look to it well and ascertain whether he is not essentially a bachelor in character, good and pleasant and companionable, in society, with a substratum of selflessness inseparable with that self-alienation essential to the cordial, cheerful helpfulness required in a family man.

A marrying man must be one who has a kindly disposition about him, who enjoys the employments of others, who will go out of his way to promote the welfare of others, who understands a woman in her highest, purest, and tenderest characteristics. Whatever may be his knowledge of the world he must be uninterrupted by it. He must know all the chambers of his soul and be sure that nothing unwholesome is harbored there, no secret vice, no sheltered and pernicious habit, for at some time come forth, like a venomous serpent, and strike the dead trusting denizens of home with sorrow, dread, or aversion. There is no help for the miseries that may lurk under the family altar; therefore, men and women should suffer for it. Armed at this, the braves scamped away. Finding the servants of the Marquis on the lookout for him, they gave the latter false information as to where he was to be found, the result of which was that the couple remained in the pit for three days and nights. Some one more compassionate than the rest drew them in a blanket and some food. The Marquis to his astonishment found his fellow prisoner very pretty, intelligent, and agreeable, and suffered less from *ennui* than might have been supposed. At the end of the time, the Marquis having been heard by the girls, who were at rural police, they were rescued.

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Supposing the man morally, morally, and physically adapted to marriage ought to be treated with distinguished honor in the world, as benefactors of the race, as fore-shadowing that beautiful future when we shall be hardly lower than the angels and covered with glory and honor.

Let him by no means choose a woman of genius. Such fine persons are not for every day use. Scarcely should a man of genius allow himself to genius, and to other man, unless he be of the largest, most generous, and most manful characteristics, and willing also to be neutralized himself, should dare appropriate these fine, rare creatures, so hard to be understood so multifarious in design. Browning, a robust, wholesome man of power, was a fit husband for the sensitive Elizabeth Barrett, but as a rule the experiment of such alliances is a hazardous one.

He who would reduce a woman of genius to a mere household appendage does her a great wrong, and is guilty of meanness and injustice. Let a man choose.

A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

While he should not presumptuously, and with a poor unmanly vanity select a woman of genius to be the presiding god of his household, let him by no means commit the more dangerous and fatal mistake of marrying a flat, or simploton. The latter class of women are harder to manage, and more deplorably unfit for the dignities of marriage, than the more affluent endowed. There is no incompatibility like the incompatibility of mind and character. Dickens has said, and his child wife, with her prettiness, and childlike, and limitations, and unreasonableness, is an example.

Do not marry a sentimental woman, who is sure to run into the backwoodsman one; let her love sentiment, high, noble sentiment, but beware of the sentimental.

Do not marry one of the delicate, die-away women, who are sure to degenerate into invalids, and take a pride in their feebleness; recount their pains; and tell of the hazards they have run; sit all day in easy chairs, and lounge on sofas, and become at last a sort of forlornity; and having worn your patience quite out, will get up an *old used book*, and on the sly abuse you to their cronies. Heaven save you from a complaining, forlorn woman!

Do not marry a woman with thin lips and a gib tongue. She may be quite taking in the flush of youth, piquant and amusing while all is smooth and prosperous, and you rather tied to her apron strings; but woe to you if you should thwart her mood, or presume upon dictation; that ready tongue of hers and sharp wit will work you discomfort; for from the first she had the premonitions of a shrew, and few men in our days have the nerve of Petruccio to quiet such feminine manifestations.

I am sure it is not wise to marry a woman of a different religious faith, nor one far removed from your own social rank; nor an ignorant woman, that is, one whose ignorance will annoy you. Many traits may seem harmless, and even engaging in youth, which in the long run will be very irksome if not distressing.

By no means marry any deformity, if congenital—it must and will be revolting to a healthy, esthetic mind, and will surely prove disastrous in a household. I knew a young clergyman who became much attached to an estimable girl to whom he was engaged to be married, when a wise friend told him of a defect, which the girl herself ought to have confessed before she became affianced to any man. She had a malformation of the foot. Learning this fact, the young man, after many conscientious scruples, broke his contract of marriage, greatly to the displeasure of the lady's family, and some detriment to himself in a professional point of view; one old divine asking him if "the soul of his wife was lodged in her foot," etc.

The young man was assuredly in the right. Dickens, who is a good teacher, gives us in "The Old Curiosity Shop," a pleasant picture of simple, unaffected goodness in the Abel family, but he tells of the father hobbling along with his club foot, full of kindly greetings, followed by his son, his very comical counterpart, even to the *club foot*. This is a drawback to the picture.

Be wary of those thin-cheeked, blue-veined, narrow-chested girls, so much admired by sentimental writers, unless you would transform what ought to be a cheery household into a hospital. These unfortunate girls have the seeds of consumption in their veins, and will bring you nothing but sorrow. Besides this disease may excite our pity and our sympathy, alied as it sometimes is to almost heavenly shades of character, but it should never be associated with marriage; indeed, to a person of a sound mind and healthy physique, it is most repugnant. All disease carries an offensive effluvia, detrimental to the health of others, and distasteful to a delicate sense.

Do not marry a girl who sits in the parlor and dresses like a fine lady while her mother works in the kitchen—for this implies a cold selfishness, that may be anything but favorable to the peace and geniality of a household.

Nature strives, struggles for the beautiful, which is her end and aim, and her very heart is pained at her multitudinous defects in human beings who are inharmonious, as crooked in mind as body, sensual and depraved, because man does not study and does not obey the laws of life, which are as immutable as death, as unmistakable as light. There is a peculiar beauty and significance in the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Only handsome men and women ought to marry. They having a *more attractive presence*. Let others look the matron squarely in the face, and admit that their insincerity, their diseases, their unkindness, their crookedness, their discontented minds, ought not to be perpetuated, and let them go to work manfully to make the best of themselves by eschewing marriage. Let them be honest, hearty old men and bachelors, earning money for the good of others, teaching, and farming, and helping on good and wise ideas. They will find a happiness in such career far superior to what would await them and theirs in the married relation.

The true, good, and handsome men and women adapted to marriage ought to be treated with distinguished honor in the world, as benefactors of the race, as fore-shadowing that beautiful future when we shall be hardly lower than the angels and covered with glory and honor.

One reason why it is well to marry a pretty woman in preference to a plain one, is, that the former is more free from jealousy and

satisfied than the latter. Being better pleased with herself she is more likely to be pleased with others.

It is better to marry a full-sized woman than a little one, for the meanness of stature is apt to go through the character also. A certain roundness of contour; a composure and self-posse, devoid of heaviness or sluggishness; an elastic buoyancy, a bright up-look, more of pride than vanity; a clear, open eye, and pure, child-like smile; hands and feet well proportioned, not too small, are outlines easily discriminated and constitute a safe, reliable character.

A cheerful woman, one who will not make mountains of mole-hills, who can find something bright and beautiful everywhere; who has pretty feminine resources, and knows how to devise ways and means to make others happy and content about her, is a jewel of inestimable worth.

The voice (not for singing) is a great indicator of character. Swedenborg says the angels knew the state of a man by his voice. Beware of those high, sharp tones of voice, as well as the too low and hesitating; the first belongs to a shrew, and the last to deceit and imbecility.

Cheerfulness of temper, candor that rejects every species of falsehood, and owns to the truth at any peril; tenderness to be detected by fondness for and faithful care of pets, rather than by outward expressions; purity, instinct in thought and action; intelligence to appreciate all that is noble and good; and health, sound and elastic, are traits to insure duty as a wife and happiness in a household.

## An Empress on Skates.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

Neither her Majesty Eugenie, nor any one else living in Paris, has much opportunity to trip on the light skatoria too. The Parisian winter is far less severe than that of New York, and skating is, therefore—or has been heretofore—a rather rare accomplishment.

Since the introduction of the ornamental ponds in the Bois de Boulogne by the Emperor, however, an opportunity has been afforded those who love the pastime to occasionally indulge in it.

About five years ago, as I was taking my accustomed daily drive to the beautiful *Bois*, I was accosted by some new exploit of Mr. Camac's, and also by seeing Mrs. Ronalds glide gracefully past, holding a hand of each of the brothers Van Wart.

Then, after a pause, she added, "I have a mind to try."

"Thou wouldst fall," exclaimed the Empress, as if that settled the matter, after which she skated away coolly.

But the Empress is persevering. She held some private conversation with the icy aid-de-camp (now somewhat cooled off after his violent exercise,) and the result was that the next day her Majesty appeared on the pond in skating costume.

Without disrespect be it said, the fair Eugenie wore that day the shortest skirts it has ever been my lot to see on any woman, save and except the ladies of the ballet. The court was then in mourning for some foreign prince, about whom the court did not care a rush, though it was obliged, for etiquette's sake, to put on sympathetic weeds.

And the Empress, dressed all in black, with black silk stockings—exposed almost to the knee—with a short black dress most wofully trimm'd with crapes, was positively the most amusing specimen of feminine incongruity I ever laid eyes upon. It required all one's good breeding not to laugh at her appearance; and the Emperor, who had evidently heard nothing of all this, looked seriously dispensed with his astonished eyes fell on his consort. Eugenie was determined to brave it out, however, and had evidently resolved on learning to skate.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## IN AN ABBEY.

Underneath me is the pavement, where they once stood up and sang; And above there is the roof-tree, where their voices rose and rang, Singing hymns of old composers, bright with joy or dark with pang.

Then outside is the great courtyard, where they used each day to meet, With the sunshine for all faces, and the soft grass for all feet: Oh, ye ancient monks of England, did you find your lives so sweet?

It was pleasant in the orchard in the long warm month of June, When you wandered 'mid the fruit-trees in the golden afternoon, Or went out to pray and ponder in the white light of the moon.

It was pleasant by the fire when December winds did blow, Roaring round the abbey tower, whilst the fierce drift of the snow Gathered deep about the archways and the cloisters down below.

But to wake at silent midnight from a dream in lonely cell, Some dear dream of home or marriage, when the heart began to swell With bruised hopes and trampled yearnings, that you hid, and dared not tell—

Or to stand upon the terrace in the morning glad and clear, Looking far' across green forests, sweeping meadow, sunny morn, Thinking how your life had narrowed, and was dwindling year by year—

Or to pass along the village with your gifts of bread and meat, Catching glimpses of home circles, father, mother, children sweet, You to pass and hear their laughter, treading on with tired feet—

Was this pleasant, was this needful, O ye monks of olden day? In what record found you orders, that you took this dark hard way? Will you answer from the Death-land—let me hear what you can say?

Faintly rising came a whisper: "We have entered into rest, For according to our power and our light, we did our best. Do you better in your daytime, and you too shall soon be blest.

"But remember, in all service, you must quell your heart, and hold Law as higher than your likings—Duty dearer far than gold: Let what will decay and vanish, this require me ne'er grows old."

## GOLD DIGGING.

"Boys!" cried Frazer, "here's the health of Mr. B., an' the memory of our philosophic camps on the Indio. You carry luck with you, sir, I guess, for we've made a fair pile. As to that, I ain't surprised, for I always located Ind'ian John's claim somewhere round these waters."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"There's not a many about here as would need to ask that question, returned Beasley; "but nary a child as couldn't answer it. Ind'ian John an' his claim is celebrated from the Gulf to Aspinwall, so as never king, nor saint, nor hero could be run agin him through those parts. He lived down yonder by the lagoon, in a little cane-built hut, hedged about with plantain-tress, an' clustered over with scarlet-flowering pepper-vines. Now an' again, five or six times in the year maybe, just as the old man's stores chanced to last, he'd come paddling down to Graytown with his futs full of dust, which he swapped for powder, an' blankets, an' other plunder. Half a pint or so, he'd hatter at a time! No man knew where his claim lay. The old man drank like a whale in a herring-shoal, he did so; but tight or sober, that secret were never slipped. An' it cost him his life, as all of us had warned him it must. Maybe it's twelve months since, four Greasers from Segovia followed the old man up the river to his hut. He weren't scared at first, for many an one had done the same before; but these four accursed scamps they tortured the poor old Ind'ian, ay, an' his daughter too, until they died. An' nary word of the secret was drawn from them poor critters, all alone an' broken as they was! Poor things, poor things! Tortured to death in them green an' sunny woods at mid-day! Not one of us near to answer their cries or to avenge them! There's no grant of Heaven I'd pray for more powerful, than to meet them four devils in a lonely place—durn 'em!—Pass that bottle, Yank. Thinking of Ind'ian John makes me mad."

"Wal!" said Frazier, meditatively, "these secret claims are a downright curse to any neighborhood. I don't, an' never could splice ends with them as blow off gas about gold-digging—sayin' it's plunder easy come an' easy gone, seekin' the root of evil, an' other grannys talk which han't no meaning. But I say as every prospect should be known an' open. Secret washings tempt men who would otherwise have lived quiet at home in the hole they was shaped for; soft goin' raw an' delicate boys with romantic heads it is as get drawn that way to their ruin. For old diggers, mind yer, who know the risks an' difficulties of their business, don't mostly seek stories. But let no man tell me as gold-seekin' is an evil trade! I say the finds in California and Australia have put the world a century on, an' han't spent their steam yet, nor near. But let them dig as knows what they're undertaking—the risk, the hardships, an' the uncertainty—who can stand up straight under fever, an' fighting, an' disappointment? It ain't such as suffer in their heads when folks talk of secret claims—no, sir. It's just them as ain't fitted to walk out o' sight of the hospital an' the parish church as get ruined in that madness.—Did I ever know a man who'd made his fortune in 'prospecting?' No, sir; not to keep it—it I understand rightly what you mean. There's many a thousand—ay, ten thousand claims which have given fortunes to one man or another,

but not to him who prospected them. Gold-mining is different; rich men will go into that business, an' poor men are shut out by want of capital. A good mine, such as there's scores, will pay as quick as one can open ground; but washing is risky, is more open to robbery, an' allurs draws round it a crush of rowdies, as double the danger an' difficulty of working. Rich men don't care to stand the worry an' anxiety of river-work—it ain't likely they should; mining's the business for them."

"Why, you see," said Vanster, "take gold-digging where you will—in Europe, in Borneo, in Australia, or on this continent—it isn't the folks of the country who put in for it. They find pretty soon that on the whole, one week with another, a man don't earn *as much as by fair wages at any land-craft*. In America an' Australia, I know that's the fact; an' I've heard you say it's so in Borneo. Frazer. Digging is a good business for gamblers, because one may pouch a big stake from time to time; but a man is mostly starving while he plays. Look at those washings in Segovia, 'tother side of Nicaragua! I once saw a peon trot into Chinamega with a belt so heavy he could scarce sit his mule, but there weren't many Greasers such durned fools as to go picking after his 'wash-dirt.' Several Frenchmen, from Chontales, crowded out of the town, slick away for the mountains, thinking it was straight travel for Jacob Astor's dinner-table; but a month afterwards, they staggered back, worn out with fever, pretty nigh starved, an' carryin' barely a quarter the plunder they might have earned at light wage in the town. Gold-washing, take the year round, don't yield a dollar a day in any country ever I heard of."

"For two or three minutes, there was a stillness that might a'most be felt; then came a crash an' a yell! That durned yell cuus had fallen from the tree! Quick as a thought, the Paches whooped, then dashed along the trail. 'Tarnal thunder! it'll be hard to tell which of our parties was most spared. I stood like a fool, too startled to use my hands; for, mind you, a 'Pache Ind'ian in war paint, with his arms an' his feathers on, is a fearsome-looking object to the bravest man, much more to a boy in his teens. I stood just like a statue. The first 'buck' that lopped past came full upon me, an' his fierce eyes, surrounded by a broad scarlet ring, glared straight into mine. 'Uph!' he grunted, an' lopped past like a brown bear pursued by a grisly. Another followed; his face was painted blue and red—"Uph!" an' he went. Every durned mother's son among them Ind'ians grunted in my face as they dashed out, an' I was reg'lar charmed to the spot. Fifty of 'em, boys, by thunder! an' every one said "Uph" like a dry machine. Durnation! I thought that procession would never end; but at last, shots began to ring outside, an' I bolted after the Ind'ans.

"As to fight, there were none! The Greasers ran like a broken covey of 'heavies,' but they carried off a good sight of horses. I got away safe enough, with a lance-thrust through my thigh; an' we could count scalps pretty even with the Paches. Four, I think it was, we brought away, an' our party didn't lose more. Twarn't the Greasers that took 'em, though.

"And what became of Mrs. Spielman and the children?" I asked.

"Guess they were carried to the 'Pache villages; an' there they are now, most likely, unless they're dead," answered the Ranger, coolly twisting up a plug. "The boy should be a 'brave' by this time, an' a chief too, I daresay, for white blood alllers gets to the front, even among the Redskins. Some of us might meet him on the prairie any time, ye know, an' I guess he'd have no sentimental objection to raising our scalps; it's the renegades an' the white captives grown up that make the Ind'ians so mischievous. They're a long sight worse than Redskins born."

"Surely it is a dreadful fate for a civilized being to be taken captive by these savages," I said. "Fancy the life this poor woman must have led, ay, is leading, perhaps, at this moment, old, and wretched, and a slave."

Beasley gave me an odd look, and rolled his "quid" over, but spoke no word.

Then Frazer, after a pause, said slowly: "To tell the real truth—sinking all Yankee twaddle, I'd say—that depends! I've seen a good many captives ransomed, an' I swear, I'll say many—who are kinder mad with joy to escape from the Ind'ians' hands; there's more that cry loud enough to split log timber, an' git hysterical; an' there's not a few that cry an' struggle fierce enough to get back to the Indians. You know, sir, that savage life has its own charms—a charm, I think, stronger than any our quiet cities can offer. An' women feel that too, when they come within its reach. They love the freedom an' the manliness of Indian life; they catch the spirit of its feuds, its hatred of all other peoples. An' there's another point, too, which has its weight—some of the young 'bucks,' whether Paches, Pawnees, or Comanches, are eternally handsome! Ay, an' not only that, they are generally quite bold in their own haughty way. No! I doubt whether all the captives who cry when released are quite glad. An' there's one thing I've noted—a durned lot of 'em are captured over again before long!"

that event do happen. In a bit of 'chaparal,' a shady thicket growing over a ruin, we found them at noon next day. There was no sentinel nor even horse guard—"

"Great thunder!" interrupted Frazer, "we find no such chances on the Texas prairie!"

"Guess Comanches air better bred if they ain't better born," returned Beasley. "The Rangers give 'em early instruction in manly deportment."

"We formed a circle round the chapparal, an' lotted off a body of men to stampede the horses. That's the dooty yer Greasers likes, an' he does it right well too. Then we sent yell'er-skin up a tree to look what the Ind'ans might be about."

"We took our stations silently. Inside the wood, not a sound could be heard save the stamping of the horses out on the savannah, an' the sleepy chuckle of the patrols. My place was under a big tree, along side the trail by which the Ind'ans had entered the shade. Through glittering, sunlit leaves in my front, I could see the long crimson shaft of a 'Pache lance fixed in the ground as a challenge. Scals of all colors an' lengths hung down motionless along it, mixed with fresh leaves an' gaudy feathers. By the red hand on the top, I knew that lance must belong to a big chief, a reg'lar 'ijo de Montesuma,' for you must know, boys, the Paches claim to be of the royal race of Anahwac, an' look down on other folk most beautiful dignified. There'll be a tall muis for that bit of timber, I thought, an' I threw an eye over the fixings of my rifle. It was my first Ind'ian fight.

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COME IN—COME IN, ALL OF YOU," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy impishly. "And you, you lying cheat!" (this compliment was addressed to the housekeeper.) "above all, for what I have to say is no secret."

"Pardon me, madam," observed Valentine gravely; "but I think you can hardly have been aware of what has recently happened in this house, and particularly of the sad nature of the transaction in which we have just been engaged."

"I am quite aware of it, Mr. Blake," returned the lady haughtily; "and I would recommend you to mind your own business, if, indeed, you have any business here at all, now that the brat of that infamous hussy, there, by a short, sharp nod, which seemed to say: "I understand you, madam," she again indicated the housekeeper, "is dead and gone. I am fully informed of all that has happened; and if I had been in time for the coroner's inquest, I could have given some evidence which would have altered their verdict to Felonie. If ever a man deserved to be buried at the junction of four cross roads, with a hedge-stake through his breast, it was my brother, Ernest Woodford."

"Madam," exclaimed Valentine with indignation, "your conduct is most unbecoming and unfeeling. I cannot trust myself to express to you a female what I think of it, but I would ask your son there, Mr. Claude Woodford, Murphy, to recall you to some sense of what is due, at least, to public decency."

"My ma knows precious well what she's about," observed the young gentleman appealing to, sagaciously shutting his left eye.

"The game's up for all these people. I can

## THE BACHELOR.—A SONG.

O, a bachelor, a bachelor,  
How happy he must be;  
A welcome guest at ev'ry feast,  
What a lucky dog is he!  
Whatever he comes to spend he learns,  
For home he has no care,  
The young and merry bachelor,  
His home is everywhere.

*Chorus.*—O, a bachelor, a bachelor,  
How happy he must be;  
A welcome guest at ev'ry feast,  
What a lucky dog is he!

O, a bachelor, a bachelor,  
A butterfly he roves;  
Sees all the sights, stays out at nights,  
And kisses whom he loves.  
To ball and rout invited out,  
A beau to ev'ry belle,  
The pleasures of a bachelor  
No tongue can ever tell.

*Chorus.*—O, a bachelor, a bachelor, &c.

*Speaker.*—But stay, there is another side to the picture. One story is always good, they say, until another is told.

O, an old bachelor, an old bachelor,  
When Age, with wrinkled face,  
Comes creeping o'er him by degrees,  
With slow yet steady pace;  
Where are the set that once he met  
An evening hour to pass?  
Why, some are dead, and some are wed,  
And some are gone to grass.

*Chorus.*—Then an old bachelor, an old  
bachelor,  
What a luckless dog is he;  
When all alone, he learns to  
growl.  
For one to make his tea.

O, an old bachelor, an old bachelor,  
With age comes all his shame;  
No cosy wife to bless his life,  
No child to bear his name;  
No welcome knows wher'e he goes,  
And has no place of rest;

*Spoken.*—It serves him right; the old brute, why didn't he get married?

In coffin hurried, he leaves the world  
Unblessed and unblessed.

*Chorus.*—Then an old bachelor, an old  
bachelor,  
How wretched he must be;  
No wife to cheer, no children  
dear,  
What a luckless old dog is he!

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSING-BURD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

SELINA'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

If, after the elopement of their minister's daughter, the death of their Squire's son, and the suicide of their Squire, the good folks of Sandalwhite had any capacity for astonishment remaining to them, a carriage and four dashing through their village would certainly have evoked it. And such a phenomenon did take place, upon the very day when Ernest Woodford was laid in the little churchyard, and almost at the very hour. When, indeed, the little party of mourners returned to the Hall, after having attended his obsequies, they found the said carriage at the door. The visitors it had brought had already established themselves in the dining room; and when Mrs. Woodford, assisted on either side by Valentine and Evelyn, tottered feebly into that apartment, she found herself face to face with Selina Murphy and her son. The two women had not met for upwards of a quarter of a century; but Time, that sardonic Friend, and saps Love itself, often only improves Hatred; and so it was in this case.

The sight of her ancient enemy, the widow withdrew her arms from their supports, walked with painful steadiness (like one overcome with wine, and anxious to conceal his condition) to the nearest chair, and sat down with her face to the fire-place, and one hand upon the shoulder of her Woody, in a classical attitude. Valentine and Evelyn ranged themselves by Mrs. Woodford's chair; Mary Ripson and some of the domestics stood, hesitating between their respect for their superiors, and their desire to witness the impending scene, outside the open door.

"Come in—come in, all of you," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy impishly. "And you, you lying cheat!" (this compliment was addressed to the housekeeper.) "above all, for what I have to say is no secret."

"Pardon me, madam," observed Valentine gravely; "but I think you can hardly have been aware of what has recently happened in this house, and particularly of the sad nature of the transaction in which we have just been engaged."

"I am quite aware of it, Mr. Blake," returned the lady haughtily; "and I would recommend you to mind your own business, if, indeed, you have any business here at all, now that the brat of that infamous hussy, there, by a short, sharp nod, which seemed to say: "I understand you, madam," she again indicated the housekeeper, "is dead and gone. I am fully informed of all that has happened; and if I had been in time for the coroner's inquest, I could have given some evidence which would have altered their verdict to Felonie. If ever a man deserved to be buried at the junction of four cross roads, with a hedge-stake through his breast, it was my brother, Ernest Woodford."

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"My ma knows precious well what she's about," observed the young gentleman appealing to, sagaciously shutting his left eye.

"The game's up for all these people. I can

your own living. Don't come to me for a character, that's all."

Mrs. Murphy, like the prudent Irish post-boy, had "kept a gallop for the avenue;" her last sentence was what her artist husband might have justly designated as "a characteristic specimen of her early style"—malevolent, caustic, and practical.

Evelyn bending down over Mrs. Woodford's chair was whispering some soothing words into the widow's ear, but the flush upon her cheek betrayed that one at least of the barbed arrows of Mrs. Murphy's speech had struck her.

"If you have quite done, Selina Murphy, I should like to say something," said Valentine Blake, in clear incisive tones.

"Who are you, sir, that dare to call me by my Christian name?" returned that lady angrily.

"One that has a right to do so, being—I blush to say it—of your kith and kin. I am your nephew, Charles Woodford."

Evelyn started, uttering an inarticulate cry, and would have fallen to the ground had not Valentine caught her in his arms.

"It is false!" cried Mrs. Murphy vehemently, but her face grew deadly white, and her thin lips pinched and parched the while she spoke.

"It is true," continued Valentine sternly. "When I left this roof eighteen years ago, as exile—thanks to you—from my native land, it was to pursue a profession which I detested. You used to call me headstrong and self-willed, Aunt Selina, and perhaps you were so far right. When I got to Rio, I found the calling my uncle had chosen for me insupportable. For some time previously—again thanks to your bitter tongue, we had not been on good terms. The first letter I got from him, when I was across the seas, and sorely needed kindness, was a stern one. There was something in it worse than sternness; but no matter, he is dead, and I have long forgiven it. I had but one friend in all the world: the faithful heart that beats against my own this moment. She was then a child, well treated by her uncle—though not by you—and to whom I could be of no further service. At that time, I by chance became acquainted with Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was about to take out letters of marque under the republic of Rio Grande, against Brazil. His rendezvous, I knew, was the island of Marica, in the harbor of Rio, where my fellow clerks and I used sometimes to boat, after office-hours. On the day before he sailed, we did so, and I contrived to slip overboard, as if by accident, swam to the island, and offered myself as a volunteer. For more than sixteen years, I was a soldier of fortune, bearing nothing of this dear one, but hoping for the best. My affection could do nought for her, I knew, and indeed it would set those against her who should have been her natural protectors—but I never forgot you, Evelyn, never, never. When I was at last free to come to England, it was you only that I had in my thoughts. There would be no one else to welcome me. But I was fully determined not to discover myself unless it was for your own good. You perhaps had mourned for your old playfellow when you thought him dead; but that grief must have passed away long ago. If I had found you married, it is only what I expected to do. I doubted, you will for give me now—whether you would ever remember me at all. I was very certain that none of you would recognize me. You do not do so, I see, even now."

"I should not think," observed Mrs. Murphy, smiling scornfully, but fretfully beating her foot upon the floor. "It is just as likely that a monkey should grow up to be a bear, as that you were ever my nephew." "On the third day, madam, after my return to England," continued Valentine, without taking any notice of this disparaging image. "I met by chance your husband, Claude Murphy. I did not even know at that time that you were a married woman. I did not know of the existence of your son, or of that of Bentinck Woodford. I cherished no ill will against you, Heaven knows. Your husband had won upon me by his pleasant, kindly manner; I was quite prepared to forget the hardness with which you had treated me of old; and even—if not for your own sake, yet for his, to be friendly and cordial. I met you at your own house that very afternoon; I partook of your hospitality."

"Serpent!" hissed Selina between her teeth. "I saw you at your best, and, as I suppose, you wished yourself to be seen. If I had found you good, my, wretchedly—if there had been any sign of tenderness about you—I would have told you who I was, and spared you the humiliation of this moment. But I found you implacable, unmerciful, malevolent, as I left you, and even worse. If you had not— to serve your own base ends—put that tutuhip into my hands, I still should have come down to Sandalwhite; I had returned to England for that purpose, but, thanks to you, I became, under the gaze of titter to that unhappy youth, an inmate of the very house in which I had passed my boyhood."

"A hypocrite by his own showing," observed Mr. Woodford Murphy, suggesting a point for the jury. "Nay, Mr. Woodford," returned the tutor coldly, "we are sometimes compelled by circumstances, as you know by experience, to use other means than our own; and as far as obtaining the situation, your mother herself presented it to me; under conditions, and those conditions I have fulfilled. Through me, although unwillingly indeed, I had no suspicion of the use to which she was putting my information—she learned the details of the lamentable scheme which death destroyed before it reached maturity, and fortunately before any wrong had been committed. You have suggested, Mrs. Murphy, that I have been of late a consenting party to it; but now you know who I am, you will scarcely accuse me of joining a conspiracy the effect of which would be to disinherit myself. I knew nothing, with certainty of the matter—although I do not deny I have had my suspicions for some time—until Mr. Woodford's death, after which Mary Ripson confessed all to me. Up to that time I had never given a thought to the subject of the heirship of the Woodford estate. It did not seem to me that I had any part in the question. I was most glad, however, to learn from my employer that he intended amply to provide for Evelyn. It was

not for me to run the risk of depriving her of her uncle's bounty by the offer of my penniless hand. Had he lived, and matters remained as they were, I should by this time have been in Italy, not without hope, indeed, of one day having the right to press my darling's cheek to mine, but looking to it as a bliss far off, and to be patiently waited for. But we have loved one another, Evelyn, all along, I think; is it not so? You believe all that I have been saying, do you not? You acknowledge me to be your cousin?"

"Yes, yes, and more," returned Evelyn tenderly; always beautiful, she seemed to have re-entered her first youth, but with such a glow of happiness on her fair face as had never worn when she was a maiden of eighteen.

"Otherwise, did you need proofs, they are here, Ewy," continued Valentine. "In this pocket book—see—I have the letter in round text which your childish fingers penned to me while I was in Rio; and in this locket, at the back of Giuseppe's portrait, there is a tress of golden hair I robbed you of sunlight. It has often been as a streak of sunlight to me when clouds were dark."

"It is easy to be deluded," observed Mrs. Murphy scornfully, "when self-interest favors our conviction. Of course, that girl will credit a story which, if true, would give her at once a lover and a fortune."

"The fox dies hard," returned Valentine quietly; "but I know by your look and tone, madam, that I have done more than persuade willing believer—I have convinced a stubborn woman against her will."

"If you really, desire further evidence, cross-examine me concerning events that took place here in my boyhood, and see if I do not recollect them far, far better—for have I not lived upon the memory of them—than those who have dwelt upon the spot during the intervening years—You are silent. I should have preferred such questions to come from yourself, but since you disdain to ask them, I appeal to any here who may still doubt the truth of what I say."

There was a long pause, and then, all of a sudden, an unexpected voice cried: "Kiss me, Charlie."

It was the first time Mrs. Woodford had spoken throughout the scene.

Her voice seemed to break the charm which held the rest in silence. "Master Charlie, Master Charlie!" was echoed by many a voice, and many a hand was stretched forth in honest welcome.

"Thank you, old friends, thank you," said Valentine, deeply moved.

"It seems to me, ma, you have made a precious mess of it all," muttered Woody, discontentedly. "This comes of your being so very clever. I always thought that Blake was a bad lot from the time when he was a model; but you would have it, it was all right."

"My trust was indeed misplaced," answered his mother, solemnly, "but I did it for the best. It is difficult to plumb the depths of man's depravity."

"And all the money spent for nothing," continued the prudent youth, "and the extra pair of horses that you could have put on for the 'triumphal entry'! Oh dear, oh dear! Look here, Mr. Charles Woodford, if that is really your name!"

"Be silent, Woody," exclaimed his mother, authoritatively; "you shall not demean yourself by speaking to that man!"

"Pooh, pooh, you are a pretty one to advise folks," continued the disobedient lad.

"Why, I am sure p'r himself could not have managed the business worse than you have done. Always know when you're beaten."

"Perhaps Mr. Charles will make some compensation."

Valentine lifting his lip, to repress a smile, gravely shook his head.

"Well, then—look—you will give us some compensation for the expense we have been put to: two journeys to Sandalwhite, and one hundred and fifty pounds paid to that scoundrel Dr. Warton."

"No, fifty pounds," returned Valentine, quickly. "I saw you count the notes in his hand with my own eyes in Sandalwhite church yard."

"Let me start, ma," ejaculated Woody, desparingly; "there is nothing to be got out of a mean cove dropper like this." And off went mother and son in their postchaise and four, but by no means so triumphantly as they had come.

"There is only one person who has not shaken hands with me, nor wished me joy," observed Valentine, gravely, as the noise of the carriage wheels died away. The whole party were still in the dining room, for not one had stirred to speed the late parting guests.

"I am not worthy to do so, no honest man would wish to take my hand, Master Charlie," answered the housekeeper, solemnly.

"Don't you be so sure of that," returned Valentine, smiling to himself. "At all events, I shall take it, and since the offence committed by her parents may provide for her. It is rumored that this favored mortal is likely to be the new curate of the parish, who has been introduced by Mr. Charles Woodford, and at his expense, to lighter her father's labors, an agreeable young divine, with the most accurate of white cravats, and a buttonless waistcoat, wherein he invests himself by means, if not miraculous, at all events undistinguishable to his parishioners."

Claude Murphy still works hard at his profession, and has gained considerable reputation of late for his really beautiful flesh-colors. His paintings are of the Etty school.

Holding said this, it is almost unnecessary to add that he is separated from his wife.

After her return from that unsuccessful expedition to Dewbank Hall, Selina's temper became absolutely unbearable, and Claude left her—with those four thousand pounds intact. At fifty-four, Claude began the world again, with little, as he himself expressed it, save a light heart and a thin pair of breeches; but then, as he added with his pleasant smile, "it was such a novelty to be allowed to wear them." Matters would have gone rather hard with him, but for a certain seventy-five pounds which reaches him with great regularity every three months. This gratuity is anonymous, or rather in the interior of the first packet which contained them was written only these few words: "From Androses; to be paid quarterly." He would be very welcome at Dewbank Hall to all, save one person. But while Mrs. Woodford senior is still alive, the husband of her sister-in-law—although

## CHAPTER XL.

### CONCLUSION.

The last chapter of a novel, when the future position of the principal personages has been indicated, is like the second quarter of an hour of our meeting with a home friend after years of absence. We have learned how father and mother are, and sisters and brothers, and all the nearest and dearest to us. Excitement has abated, but it interests us still to hear how it has been faring with our less intimate friends, and even acquaintances.

With the great masters of the art of story telling, we look for the final position of the inferior characters exactly as if they were of flesh and blood; as if one should ask: "And, by the by, what became of old So-and-so, you remember, who used to live at what d'y call it?" Now, although the present writer is by no means such a fool as some critics have endeavored to make out, he has little hope of playing this part of Chorus to an audience engrossed and attentive to the last. Some pestilent members of it, whom we have been vainly perhaps addressing as "Dear Readers" all along, are already putting on their hats and coats, now that they perceive the climax has arrived, without paying the least regard to that more discriminating portion of the assembly who wish to see our little drama played out to the end. This is disconcerting, to say the least of it, to the poor playwright, who has done his best to please, and has worked very hard (though joyously) to do so for these twelve months. Sit down, we pray you, for five minutes longer, when the curtain will fall.

George Adams has married his first love. This, perhaps, does not please you; I am sorry for that, but I am only stating facts. Between ourselves, George was always a much more sentimental sort of person than his Mary, although she was so greatly addicted to romance-reading; and although her conduct in permitting her own offspring to be palmed off upon society as the heir of Dewbank Hall, offended his sense of justice exceedingly. "Master Charlie," who, as we know, had the greatest influence over him, persuaded him to overlook that. His profession (if you recollect) was that of an Overlooker. Perhaps Mary Ripson was not in need of much persuasion, but she really had considerable excuse for her share in the matter. That packet of letters which Valentine found her reading with such eager interest was the immediate cause of her second marriage. It had been found upon the dead body of her late husband, and consisted of the whole of the intercepted correspondence between herself and George. Why Miles had preserved what would have done him nothing but harm, I cannot tell, but in that he only acted as we find vicious, and especially criminal, persons continually do act. Perhaps it pleased his natural malevolence to refer to these avowals of affection, which were never (as he thought) to meet the eye for which they were written; and doubtless they nursed his wrath against his unhappy wife, and kept it warm, when maybe his conscience needed some apology for his ill treatment of her. We have all of us reasons for what we do; but certainly Miles Ripon's wishes were not directly carried out by the falling of these interesting misses into his widow's hands. They had all the effect—which, more than the effect—which they would have had upon her, had they just come through the post, instead of being delayed in delivery for twenty years. At eight-and-thirty she felt more in love with George Adams than ever.

After mutual explanations, diplomatically conducted by Master Charlie, the high contracting parties were married. I have said that Miles Ripon's wishes were not directly carried out, but scandal, which, as we have been made aware, flourishes to some extent even at Sandalwhite, does venture to affirm that George is not so entirely the master of his own house as Miles was. He has given up his situation at the wad mine—the locality, as may be easily imagined, being very distasteful to Mrs. Adams—and dwells at Alder Nook, where there is now another room added to the accommodations of the house, that would have made old Tyson Harcourt state more than any of his immediate successors' vagaries, namely, a library, all new. Mr. and Mrs. Adams are, however, a happy pair.

Mr. Wilson is still alive; the last representative, perhaps, of that race of simple English pastors such as Chaucer's *verse priests*. Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew; And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise.

His comely wife is still, by Sandalwhite notation, a young woman; and their daughter Lucy has grown an obedient damsel, waiting patiently, with a prudent horror of all clandestine attachments, for the husband that her parents may provide for her. It is rumored that this favored mortal is likely to be the new curate of the parish, who has been introduced by Mr. Charles Woodford, and at his expense, to lighter her father's labors, an agreeable young divine, with the most accurate of white cravats, and a buttonless waistcoat, wherein he invests himself by means, if not miraculous, at all events undistinguishable to his parishioners.

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they are not a devoted couple—can never be received under that roof. Selina still dwells in Rhedegund Street with her beloved Woody, who, it is said, comports himself towards her far from dutifully. He often remarks (by no means in confidence) that she has conducted the business of life in a very unsatisfactory manner—"My ma" (to use his exact expression) "has behaved like an old fool."

Ernest Woodford's widow, is, as we have said, yet living, if living that can be called which does not include motion. Her limbs are paralysed, and those white plump hands (for her mere bodily health has strangely improved,) lie folded before her, which were wont to be so elegantly busy. She suffers no physical pain, and no longer touches opium; while her brain (fortunately or not for her, we dare not say) is clearer than it has been for years.

Charles and Evelyn are unremitting in their attention to her; and she always puts up a cheerful smile to welcome their presence; when her nephew comes to wish her good-night, as he does not fail to do every evening, she manages to whisper:—"Kiss me, Charlie." It is late for the poor lady to begin to love her fellow-creatures; but she has at last made a commencement with those two.

There are some very happy households in pastoral Cumberland, but it is allowed that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodford are the happiest couple in all the country-side. They are not a very youthful pair—the husband is thirty-six, the wife is twenty-eight—but, on the other hand, they fell in love with one another much earlier than usual. She was his "little wife," remember, twenty years ago. A union of this sort is very rare; but where two people have been acquainted from childhood as intimately as brother and sister, it seems reasonable to suppose—that they should understand one another better than the young folk whose engagement has been, as is usually, of a few months' duration. They cannot, at all events, complain of being deceived. It is a great and pleasant change for the poor folks about, to get their old friend, Master Charlie, in place of the Black Squire; but Evelyn remains to them much the same, except that she has, of course, far greater opportunities for usefulness. The state of their aunt's health precludes the leaving Dewbank Hall for any prolonged period; indeed they do not wish to do so, Sandalwhite, endeared to them by a thousand recollections of early days, is their natural home.

A few years ago, however, when the great hero of Italy, the simple Farmer of Caprera, was received in London with such a welcome as has never been paid by Englishmen even to one of their own nation, Valentine came up to town, by special agreement, to pay his loving homage to Giuseppe. That great man would, without doubt, have honored Dewbank Hall with his presence, but for circumstances with which we are all acquainted. It is not so generally known, that the first British baby to whom the hero stood godfather, by proxy, (it was just before the unhappy affair of Aspromonte,) was one Garibaldi, the infant son of Charles and Evelyn Woodford, of Sandalwhite, Cumberland.

There is not the slightest reason for suspecting this time (although Selina has her doubts,) that the heir of Dewbank Hall is a specious child. [THE END.]

### A New Galvanic Battery.

We have had in use in our laboratory a most singular looking piece of apparatus, devised by Moses G. Farmer, Esq., the well-known electrician, of this city. It is a new form of instrument for converting heat into electricity; and most satisfactorily does it perform its work. All that is necessary to put it into active operation, is to light a gas jet, and in a few moments the electrical impulses are manifested, and the battery is ready to be set to work. It departs metal with great facility, and the development of the agent is constant and uniform so long as the heat is supplied. It resembles a "fritted porcupine" as much as anything we can compare it with. The metals employed in its construction are antimony and copper. The strips or arms of copper protrude outwards from the bars of antimony, so as to secure the cooling influence of an air current, while the gas is heating the other extremity. A portion of the heat of the flame is transformed over into electricity, thus showing the easy convertibility of one impermeable into another, and the correlation of the forces.

Here we have a battery which works without the aid of acids, or any physical agent whatever, and telegraph lines can now be worked over long distances with no other battery power than that afforded by an ordinary lamp, or jet of gas. Truly science is progressive.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

¶ Muller and other German physiologists declare that in all probability the best portions of the Grecian literature have failed to reach us, and that upon the whole, one-sixth of the total result of the Hellenic activity as embodied in books, has perished utterly and forever. In a modified degree, the same may be affirmed of Roman literature.

¶ In preaching or teaching, manner determines to a considerable extent the influence exerted upon the feelings of the hearer. Of its power in a speaker no more striking instance can be afforded than in the celebrated speech of Edmund Burke, at the trial of Warren Hastings. The accused governor-general subsequently described the emotions excited in his own breast during that wondrous oration, in the following terms:—"For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

¶ A lesson in will-making has been given by a lawyer. The last testament of the late Mr. Edward James, who was a member of Manchester, is contained in these few words: "This is my last will, dated July 20, 1858. I devise and bequeath my estate to my wife, Mary James, her heirs, executors, and administrators, and appoint her executrix."

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

### Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for next year:

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

**Worms.**

Dr. Benjamin Rush about one hundred years ago made a series of experiments upon earth worms, which he considered more nearly allied in many characteristics to those which commonly inhabit the alimentary canal of children than any other, with a view to test their power and resist the influence of those substances which might be used as worm medicines. The table containing the number of hours and minutes the worms lived when immersed in different substances fills several pages, and we have no space to print it entire, but the lesson it teaches is one not very well learned by those who have the care and treatment of children. It is this—that these worms lived often quite as long in substances which are known as poisons and fatal to animal life, as in substances perfectly innocuous and fit for food.

For instance: in watery infusion of opium they lived 11 minutes; in infusion of Carolina pink root, 33 minutes; in an infusion of tobacco, 14 minutes, and in claret wine, 10 minutes; while in a watery infusion of white arsenic they lived 2 hours. Now, all of these substances are more or less poisonous and produce injurious effects when taken into the stomach. Now the fresh juices of ripe fruits are not poisonous but wholesome, and yet, as the following figures will show, they prove even more fatal to worms than the substances mentioned above. For instance: in juice of red cherries, worms died in 6 minutes; black cherries, in 5 minutes; red currants, in 3 minutes; gooseberries, in 4 minutes; whortleberries, in 7 minutes; raspberries, in 5 minutes; plums, in 13 minutes; peaches, in 25 minutes. From these experiments Dr. Rush argued that fresh ripe fruit, of which children are very fond, "are the most speedy and effectual poisons for worms." In practice, this theory has proved correct. Those children that eat freely of good fruit have generally a much more vigorous and clean condition of the digestive canal, and worms rarely trouble them. The practice of poisoning worms by anthelmintic medicines while it may kill the creatures, also weakens the digestive apparatus, and thus invites further attacks. The best treatment is one that invigorates and cleanses. Air, exercise, and wholesome food are the best worm medicines.

While on this subject we may appropriately notice a new remedy for tapeworms mentioned by Dr. O. G. Comstock, in The St. Louis Medical Investigator, which goes to prove that worms of various kinds may be removed without recourse to substances that produce poisonous and injurious effects on the body. Dr. C. says: "Some two years since, a new remedy for tapeworms was brought to the notice of some physician in Bavaria. A peasant mentioned to him having passed a tapeworm after eating cocoanut rind and the contents of the shell, and spoke of it as certain remedy for tapeworms. Of course the medical man was skeptical, and naturally thought the enjoyment of such a pleasant tropical fruit as cocoons would rather tend to promote the growth of tania, instead of expelling them. He however tried it, and found that it was really effectual in expelling these parasites. A notice of this fact I read in The Criminal Zeitung, and since that time I have experimented with the cocoanut in similar cases. In one case, a lady, aged fifty-two years, had been out of health for years, when at last the existence of a tapeworm was suspected. The cocoons were prescribed and eaten freely for two days, to the exclusion of all other food. The result was the expulsion of a tapeworm fifty-four feet long. The lady enjoyed good health after this. Three other instances came to my knowledge of friends of this lady, who, hearing of effects of the cocoons, took the same remedy and each one voided a tapeworm."

A correspondent of the Kansas Farmer recommends wind mills for "the purpose of banishing those pests of the land, called 'steam mills,' which are devouring our fuel in ruinous quantities, and confiscating a fourth of our grain, and complaining that they are not making anything even at that."

Ninety-one journalists fought duels in Paris during the year 1867.

There are said to be very few strangers now in Rome, an unusual circumstance at this time of the year.

A contemporary announces, with editorial gravity, in large type, that "Mrs. Kemble wears still the same nobly-formed head which was so much admired when she made her first appearance at the Covent Garden Theatre, October 10, 1829." It is gratifying to know that amid all the vicissitudes of life, the disappointments, joys and absences of forty years, this lady has not lost her head. It is more than can be said of some other persons in public station.

The Grand Jury of New York have recommended the establishment of a foundling asylum, to check infanticide, which prevails to a truly serious extent all over the country.

Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland and Scotland? Because the rose will fade, the lily droop, the shamrock wither and the thistle die, but the stars are eternal.

To Boys.—"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot don't let him know that you ever say it. If there is a boy in school with ragged clothes don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

A few days ago the Pope gave a public audience to upwards of two hundred ladies, among whom were a number of English Catholics. This fair throng came for the double purpose of convincing their adhesion to the brief of October 12, 1867, relating to ladies' toilets, and of presenting the Holy Father with some valuable gifts, in testimony of their devotion. One of the ladies expressed these sentiments in a speech, to which the Pope replied in Italian, reminding his hearers that St. Peter, after his miraculous delivery from prison by an angel, found an asylum in the midst of women. He then dwelt severely on the license of the female toilet of the present day, referring to the fantastic head dresses in use, the vestments borrowed from the Pug in Chinese, and the scandalously indecent robes.

**What we Love & Woman For.**

Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was, by no means, brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidenceness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we esteem, (if it is brilliant,) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

A Frenchman went into an oyster saloon for a dozen oysters; he preferred the large ones, and swallowed eleven somewhat smaller than a cheese-plate, with much relish. As the barkeeper handed him the twelfth, his eyes glistened at its magnificent proportions, for it far exceeded the largest of those already disposed of. "Bon, bon, c'est magnifique!" said he, rapturously; and, making prodigious effort, he succeeded in getting it down. The barkeeper watched him anxiously, and, seeing his success, exclaimed, "Wasil, I guess you are the smartest feller I have seen here this long while. Why, I've had thirteen person here who tried to swallow that there oyster, and every one was obliged to give it up as a bad job!" The Frenchman's feelings may be imagined.

The report that the Constitutional Convention of Arkansas had made provision in the new Constitution for female suffrage, of which children are very fond, "are the most speedy and effectual poisons for worms." In practice, this theory has proved correct. Those children that eat freely of good fruit have generally a much more vigorous and clean condition of the digestive canal, and worms rarely trouble them. The practice of poisoning worms by anthelmintic medicines while it may kill the creatures, also weakens the digestive apparatus, and thus invites further attacks. The best treatment is one that invigorates and cleanses. Air, exercise, and wholesome food are the best worm medicines.

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The market has been dull. About 7000 bush. including 1000 bush. at \$7.50-\$8.00; extra \$2.00-\$3.50. Northwest extra family at \$10.00-\$10.50; XX Minnesota at \$11.00-\$11.70. Penna extra family at \$10.00-\$11.25; Ohio extra family at \$11.00-\$12.75, and fancy brands at \$12.00-\$13.00; bill, according to quality, Rye Flour, 600 bush. sold, in lots, at \$8.50-\$9.75 per bush. quality.

GRAINS.—The market has been dull. Sales of Meal, Flour, &c., 1000 bush. at \$2.00-\$2.25 per common red; \$2.35-\$2.45 for fair to good do; \$2.50-\$2.55 for prime, and \$2.80-\$2.90 for choice amber, including 3000 bush. of white at \$2.30-\$2.35 per bush. according to quality. Rice, 600 bush. sold, in lots, at \$1.10-\$1.15 per bush. Corn, 20,000 bush. of new Penna and Delaware yellow sold at \$1.17-\$1.20 and 50,000 bush. of Western mixed at \$1.18-\$1.22; and 25,000 bush. old sold at \$1.00-\$1.05 per bush.

PROVISIONS.—There has been less doing. Sales of Meats, Pork, Beef, &c., 1000 bush. at \$2.20-\$2.50 per bush. Meats, 1000 bush. Sales are making at \$2.10-\$2.30 bush. of Beef Hams sold at \$3.00-\$3.50 per bush. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy ham sold at \$1.50-\$1.75 per bush.; sides at \$1.40-\$1.50 per bush. Green Meats—6000 tons of pickled hams sold up to \$1.50 per bush. Ham sold at \$1.40-\$1.50 per bush. Smoked Hams are sold at \$1.40-\$1.50 per bush. Lard—Sales of 600 bush. and shoulders at \$1.25-\$1.30 per bush. and roll fat at \$1.00-\$1.10 per bush. and kegs in small lots at \$1.75 per bush. Butter—Sales of soft packed at \$1.60-\$1.75, and roll fat at \$1.50-\$1.60 per bush. Cheese is selling at 15% off 100 bush. per bush. Butter—Sales of 100 bush. at \$1.50-\$1.60 per bush.

COTTON.—The market has been excited. About 1800 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at \$2.50-\$2.75 per bush. and \$2.60-\$2.80 per bush. for New Orleans.

FRUIT.—Dried Apples—Sales of 8000 bush. at 80¢-\$1.00 per bush. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 80¢-\$1.00 per bush. Dried Pears—Sales of halves at 80¢-\$1.00 per bush. Pared Peaches range at from \$1.00-\$1.25 per bush. Green Apples sell at from \$2.00-\$2.50 per bush.

IRON.—Flag iron is in demand. Sales of An-  
thracite at \$3.00-\$4.00 per ton; No. 1; \$3.50-\$4.50 for No. 2; and \$4.00-\$5.00 per ton for hard.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from 10¢-\$11 cents per bush. 150 Cows brought from \$4.00 to 70¢ per bush. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 60¢-\$8 cents per bush. 1000 Hogs sold at from \$1.25-\$1.50 per bush.

THE MUSICAL SCALE.

By Horace P. Bidwell. This work is an effort to bring the musical scale into the hands of the amateur, and to teach him to sing without the aid of a teacher.

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OF THE

**FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.**

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship Golden State,

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In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large quantities of Green Tea from the Mincio districts of Italy, which are considered to be near and delicate in flavor, which they are sending at the following prices:

OLIVE OIL (Black), Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 10

## WIT AND HUMOR.

## How to Tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire."

"Why did you give up?"

"Wal, I giv it up for some reason or other. You see I travelled into a desctrict and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my objic, introducing myself and asked what he thought about lettin me try my luck with the big boys and unruly pals in the desctrict. He wanted to know if I rady considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in arithmetic and geography, or showing my hand writing. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait."

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," says he, "and I can tell jis's well's I'd heard you examined," says he.

"He set in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was considerable frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I knowed how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough—then I sp'ected a' thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shut, and Snickles was gone!"

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no—I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judged my appearance was agin me."

## No Reasonable Offer Refused.

In the show-windows of one of our shops there was posted not many years since this placard: "No reasonable offer refused." It chanced that a very pretty maiden was a clerk in the establishment. A youth just in the tender peach-bloom period, being somewhat enamored of the fair lady, noticed the placard as he passed by, and at once rushed into the store, when the following conversation ensued:

"Yonk to the fair—" I noticed your plackard in the window, and thought I'd come in."

"Yes," said the lady, "glad to see you; let me sell you some goods."

"Well," said the youth, "I would like to buy some dry-goods, but I want pretty little face in 'em. I thought as you refused no reasonable offer, I would take the best dress pattern you have, and also yourself."

"Very well," said the fair clerk, "I must stick to the text. It's a trade. Pay for the dress, and I'll throw myself into it at the bargain."

There was soon after a wedding, and the sign, "No reasonable offer refused," became quite popular among the lady clerks of the city.—*Lexicon Journal*.

## Determined to Persevere.

A little four or five year old boy was seated at the table eating his dinner. A small cut of beefsteak was given him, and taking it up in his hands he resolutely endeavored to get a bite off the end of it. It being pretty tough—as beefsteak sometimes happens to be—he pulled, and jerked, and grunted at the task a little more than was consistent with modern ideas of polite dining. After a few earnest struggles all in vain, he turned to his mother with a look of mingled energy and despair, and said, through his vexation and tears, "Mamma, me's going to have a piece off this meat or pull my meat out!"

**AN APOLOGY.**—An old and popular Irish clergyman had a disagreement with one of his parishioners, who was an extremely refractory character of great wealth, but of low origin, vulgar habits and abusive tongue. Upon hearing from a third party that his ancestry had been spoken of disparagingly by this rich boor, the old parson, bawling a scriptural metaphor, exclaimed, "Why, sir, my father would not have set him with the dogs of his flock." This remark reached the ear of the nabob, who immediately repaid to the clergyman and demanded an apology. The good old man listened patiently to the ravings of his parishioner, and closed the discussion with the remark, "Did I really say that my father would not have set you with his dogs? I was wrong, sir; I believe he would."

**VERY POON.**—One of the unfortunate juveniles who visit the hotels and solicit pennies was asked,

"Where is your mother?"

She answered, diffidently,

"She is dead."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes, sir—but he is sick."

"What ails him?" continued the questioner.

"He has got a sore finger, sir."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't he cut it off, then?"

"Please, sir," responded the little maid, "he hasn't got any money to buy a knife."

**A POINT OF ORDER.**—An amusing incident recently occurred in the Virginia Convention. Two artists were taking sketches of the Assembly while one of the white delegates was speaking. A colored member having discovered the artists, suddenly interrupted the speaker by saying he "rose to a point of order." The chairman asked him to state his point of order, when he said: "Am dis a convention, or an a photo-graph gallery?" He was informed it was a convention. The speaker proceeded.

**L**EAF. A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody ain't stuck an advertisement on the moon!"



EDUCATION!

PAPA improving the occasion at luncheon.—"Now, look, Harry, the circumference of this cake is equal to about three times the diameter, and—"

HARRY.—"Oh, then, Pa', let me have the c'cumference for my share!"

## Another of Mr. Lincoln's Stories.

A gentleman called upon Mr. Lincoln seeking a pardon for a young surgeon in the Confederate service, who had passed clandestinely through the Union lines under mitigating circumstances, but had been arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement during the war. After hearing the case the President said—"I cannot interfere; I must not offend Secretary \_\_\_\_\_; that cannot happen," said the petitioner; "Secretary \_\_\_\_\_ has not been requested to give the pardon. I have preferred to make the application to the President, who listens patiently, which Secretary \_\_\_\_\_ will not always do." "Perhaps," said Mr. Lincoln, "there is that difference between the secretary and myself; and it recalls a story told to me by Sweet, of Maine:—A man in his neighborhood had a small bull-terrier that could whip all the dogs of the neighborhood. The owner of a large dog which the terrier had whipped asked the owner of the terrier how it happened that the terrier whipped every dog he encountered? That," said the owner of the terrier, "is no mystery to me; your dog and other dogs get half through a fight before they are really warmed up to their work; now, my dog is always mad!"

**PARISIAN DINING CUSTOMS.**—The mode of furnishing meals in Paris is peculiar. When you rise in the morning a servant brings to your room a pot of coffee and hot milk, with bread and butter. The coffee is the best you ever drank, and the bread the best you ever ate. The butter is not salted, made fresh every morning; but if you wish salt, as all Americans do, it is brought. How sweet the bread!—retaining all the natural sweetness of the wheat. It is baked in loaves sometimes two yards long, but only three or four inches in diameter, and is always sold by weight. Usually two such loaves are baked together, being joined at the sides. The bread is thoroughly baked through, and the particles fixed so that it will not fall much of our bread) turn to dough in the stomach. Many small loaves are made, but the general shape preserved. Your breakfast you take at from eleven to twelve o'clock, when you go to the dining-room and order what you wish—beefsteak, eggs, coffee, etc.—and it is quickly cooked for dinner taken at six o'clock, when all the boarders meet and sit down to a general table (I am speaking of boarding houses.) There is no bill of fare, but one course after another is brought on—usually four or six courses. A full bottle of wine is furnished without extra charge, for every two persons. Every one drinks it (charet), and in any reasonable quantity it does not intoxicate. I have not seen a drunken man in Paris for the past three months. All drink wine, and it seems to satisfy, yet creates no morbid appetite, like strong liquor.—*Corres. Boston Transcript*.

**BUBBERS, "GUMS," "OVERSHOES."** Prof. Whitney mentions, as one of his many illustrations of the historical character of word-making, that we put on a "pair of rubbers," because, when caoutchouc was first brought to us, we could find no better use for it than the rubbing out of pencil marks. But overshoes of this material are not universally called "rubbers." In Philadelphia, with reference to the nature of the substance of which they are made, they are called "gums." A Philadelphia gentleman and his wife coming to spend the evening at a house where they were very much at home, he entered the parlor alone, and to the question, "Why, where is Emily?" answered, "O, Emily is outside, cleaning her gums upon the mat;" whereupon there was a momentary look of astonishment and then a peal of laughter. Now, there is no need whatever of the use of either of the poor words *rubbers* or *gums* in this sense. The proper word is simply *overshoes*, which expresses all that there is occasion to tell, except to a manufacturer or a salesman. There is neither necessity nor propriety in our going into the question of the fabric of what we wear for the protection of our feet, and of saying that a lady is rubbing her rubbers or cleaning her gums upon the mat; no more than there is in our saying that a gentleman is brushing his wool (meaning his coat,) or blowing his nose upon his linen (meaning his pocket handkerchief).—*Galaxy*.

**L**EAF. A letter sent to the London post-office, directed "Mr. Owl O'Neil," found its owner in Sir Rowland Hill.

such association improves it well. A correspondent informs us that the Farmers' Club of Goodhue, Minnesota, furnishes each new settler with garden seeds, currant and gooseberry bushes, strawberry plants for a large garden bed, one vine each of the Concord and Hartford prolific grapes, with a lot of grape wood of several varieties. If unable to procure his seed wheat, potatoes, corn, oats, &c., he is furnished with them and then pays for them from the proceeds of his second crop. He has access to the library and reading room.

From statistics collected by this club, it appears that while the average yield of wheat for the whole State is put at thirteen bushels per acre, the average of this settlement, which has 7,640 acres under cultivation, was 19.8 bushels per acre, the past year, on old ground. They raised 143,040 bushels of grain this last season. With harvest bands at \$1 per day, \$3.50 for team work, \$2 per bushel for seed wheat, 12¢ per bushel for hauling to market, 7¢ per bushel for threshing, besides "finding" or keeping teams and men, and our own work at \$2 per day, our field account, says our correspondent, shows a net profit of \$14 per acre. Large farm houses, commodious barns, cattle sheds, substantial granaries and out-buildings, well cultivated fields, good fences, well built school houses, three churches, tell of the fruitfulness of our soil.—*New England Farmer*.

## EARLY PLANTS.

Make a hot-bed in March, or scoop out turnips, fill them with rich soil, and sow seeds in them. Of course they must be put in a warm place and kept properly moistened. Fill any box—one that raisins, or starch, or salt came in—with rich soil, thoroughly mixed with fine manure, and sow tomato or other seeds on it. Set it in the kitchen, keep it properly moistened—not too wet—and where it will have the sun a portion of the day. Almost any quantity of plants that a farmer may need, may be secured in this way. Thin so that they may have plenty of room, and when two inches high transplant and set still wider apart; at four or five inches high transplant again. This will cause the plants to grow stocky and strong, instead of tall and slender. If transplanted with care, even a third time, they will be all the better for it.

The best soil is a sandy loam, made rich by manure that is old and well rotted. Sow at different periods so as to have plants coming in succession; then if some fail, those coming may take their places. These are mere suggestion; practice will enable you to succeed in obtaining what you want.—*New England Farmer*.

## RECEIPTS.

**A NICE BREAKFAST RELISH.**—Chip some smoked beef, and drop into boiling water to soften. Let it lie ten minutes, and then put it into a skillet with a little boiling water, and stir gently for twenty minutes. Pour off the water, put in a little butter, and some pepper, and pour in a half a teacup of cream, five minutes before taking from the fire.

**WESTPHALIAN POTATO PANCAKES.**—Skin and scrape large, raw, mealy potatoes; mix them with some salt, and put to each plateful one egg; beat well, and, if necessary, add a little milk. Put two tablespoonsful of this into a pan, and fry them in butter or lard over a brisk fire, browning them on both sides. They should be crisp, and served very hot. Chopped onion with the scraped potatoes much improves the taste.

**POTATOES FRIED WHOLE.**—When nearly boiled enough, put small potatoes into a stewpan with butter, or beef dripping; shake them about to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured and dipped in the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted bread-crums. This is the ordinary French method.

**FRENCH OMELETS.**—**OMELETTES AUX FINES HERBES.**—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, a half one of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three large tablespoonsful of cream; beat them well together, then put two ounces of butter in an omelet pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and, as soon as the butter is sufficiently hot, pour in the eggs; stir them round quickly until delicately set, shake the pan round, then leave it a moment to color the omelet, hold the pan in a slanting position, turn it on to your dish and serve it immediately. It must not be too much done.

**OMELETTE ORDINAIRE.**—Beat the yolks and the whites of four eggs together, with a tablespoonful of milk, and a little salt and pepper, and fry as above directed.

**OMELETTE SUCREE.**—The same as the above, on which, however, powdered sugar is to be strewed, and cross-marks afterward made over it with a hot iron.

**TO MAKE A POTATO SALAD.**—The potatoes must be boiled and cold, cut in slices, with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and a little parsley, and just move them gently round. We can also slice beef which has been boiled in broth, and take the same dressing, only adding mustard.

**PIKLE OYSTERS.**—Let them be opened carefully, and keep all their liquor; wash them in it and then strain it. Give the oysters one boil with their own liquor and a little mace; pour them into a pan and cover them close. When cold, drain off the liquor and boil it with a little white wine, whole white pepper and salt. When the oysters are put in a crock, pour it over them and keep them from the air.

**TO PURIFY WATER.**—A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hoghead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

**CEMENT FOR GLASS.**—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire (taking especial care that it does not boil over,) one ounce of isinglass in two wine-glasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

## THE RIBBLER.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 11, 19, 13, 14, is one of the points of the compass.

My 2, 29, 7, 13, is a figure.

My 3, 15, 17, 27, is an article of food.

My 4, 17, 34, 2, 12, 21, 22, 23, is a day of the week.

My 5, 32, 12, 27, is a grain.

My 6, 15, 16, 13, is very desirable after a journey.

My 7, 18, is a preposition.

My 8, 19, 33, 34, is a figure of the head and shoulders.

My 9, 17, 13, is what we all must do to live.

My 10, 19, 27, is what we all enjoy.

My 11, 22, 20, is used by boatmen.

My 12, 17, 10, 18, 15, 12, is used in buildings.

My 13, 26, 9, is a part of man.

My 14, 26, 17, 25, 9, 27, is spoken of in the Bible.

My 21, 22, 23, is a period of time.

My 24, 25, 15, 20, 20, 9, 34, is a man's name.

My 28, is one of the vowels.

My 30, 26, 13, is to procure.

My 31, 24, 27, is an article of great value.

My whole is something which all should do.

M. J. B. BROOKS.

Sinemahoning, Jun. 22, 1868.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 7, 20, 2, is a narrow passage.

My 13, 15, 16, 17, is a part of the body.

My 1, 9, 23, 18, is a measure.

My 6, 19, 4, 10, 25, is a fruit.

My 3, 15, 21, is an animal.